Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

UPON MY WORD, SHE DID!

Her hair *was* black. "But black," she sighed,
"Is very much too cold;"
And so she bleached her locks until
They looked almost like gold.
A simple satin robe she wore,
Which closely to her clung
(In fact it was *extremely* scant),
And from her belt a lily pale
And four sunflowers hung—
Four *big* sunflowers hung.

She would not touch a bit of meat,
But oft she'd sit and weep,
To think the broiled chops were once
Part of a baby sheep.
"And oh!" she'd moan, "these seared steaks,
So full of gravy now"
(This was a slight mistake, I think),
"Once wandered o'er the fields and meads,
Attached to a cow—
A gentle, browsing cow."

She was the most poetic thing;
She wouldn't harm a fly;
"Its life is short at best," she'd say—
"Oh, pray *don't* make it die!"
The very cat for catching mice
In tearful voice she chid,
And then at last she married
(And seemed quite glad to get him, too)
A butcher; yes, she did—
Upon my word she did!

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Magazine.*

HOW BABY WENT TO SEA.

I.

A pretty home was that to which Richard Grant brought his sweet young wife one bright May day. A pretty home, indeed, was the low, white cottage, almost covered in summer by the rich green of the ivy, through which the soft flush pink of creeping roses was seen as they drooped their heads behind the protecting leaves of that "rare old plant, the ivy green," as if to hide their faces from the kisses of the sun, the bright gaze of butterfly, and the sweet love-song of Bob White and Robin Redbreast.

Tall, dark trees sheltered the cottage from heavy winds and the scorching rays of the sun. Carefully-kept gardens, where not only were found rare and beautiful flowers, but where one breathed the wild-wood fragrance, and where violet and fern and feathery clematis grew in luxuriant beauty, testified to the taste of the owner. Shady walks led from the house to the road on one side, and on the other to a miniature boat-house and wharf jutting out into a small cove. Smooth lawns, with here and there a patch of dandelion or a cluster of daisies, stretched down to the water's edge.

Of course it was not always sunny and bright at "Rose Cottage," as they called it. Still their home was a happy one in spite of the long separations that Mr. Grant's voyages made necessary. He was a sea Captain, and though his wife was a brave woman, the days seemed long, the nights dreary; and the winds always blew much harder, she thought, when Richard was away. But one day there came to Rose Cottage the brightest bit of sunshine that was ever made up in a very small parcel. It had a wee face, with big, dark eyes, and the veriest rosebud of a mouth, and the foolish young father and mother called the little creature Rosebud. And now the days were short and bright, for Rosebud's wants were many, and hand and thought were so busy that the hours fled by as if on wings, leaving Mrs. Grant little time for anxious thoughts and forebodings.

And so time passed away. One small, green mound marks the spot where another little daughter, who had staid but a few short days, lies sleeping. Rosebud is now a pretty child of eight years. She will always be little and cunning, with great brown eyes, and soft dark hair falling in natural ringlets on her forehead. The same rosebud mouth, much inclined to pouting, sometimes spoils the pretty face, and shows that she is a self-willed young lady. Notwithstanding, she is a dear little thing, sunny-tempered and loving, and one day when she held in her arms a baby brother, wrapped up to the tip of his funny pink nose in a warm blanket, her delight knew no bounds, and from that moment her deepest love was given to him.

They called the baby John Allison Grant, after the old grandfather, who had smiled in pity when they named their little daughter Rosebud. Baby grew, and time passed more rapidly than ever. Nearly three years had gone when something happened one day that turned their sunlight into a long, dark night.

It was a mild afternoon toward the close of June, and the country looked beautiful in its fresh green dress. Mrs. Grant had been obliged to drive to the village, a few miles further inland, and had left Rosebud and baby at home. Rose was working in her garden, and was very busy, when nurse interrupted her.

"Please, Miss Rosebud, will you play with baby now? You know I have an errand to do for mamma, and I'll not have more than time to do it before dark. You won't be alone with him; cook says she will look in at you now and then, and Mrs. Grant will be coming home before long."

"But I don't want to take care of him now, I want to finish my garden," said Rose; "he can just run around and play by me. Nothing can harm him."

"No, no, Miss Rosebud," answered the nurse, "I can't leave him here; you know how crazed he is after them boats, and if I left him here, the first thing you'd see, he'd be in the water, drownded most likely."

"But I don't want to," began Rose; when seeing the bright face of Allie, her frown changed to a smile as she said: "Well, I s'pose I'll have to;" and following nurse they passed into the house.

For a while they had a splendid time, playing all sorts of games; but at last Rose was tired, and thinking of her new book of fairy tales still unread, she gave Allie his tin soldiers to play with, and seating herself in a comfortable armchair, began to read. All this did well enough for a time, but by and by the baby arms grew tired of standing up and knocking down soldiers and horses, and Allie wanted something else to do.

"Wosebud, p'ay wif me, won't 'ou?" he said, and as she paid no attention, he pulled impatiently at her dress. "Wosebud, p'ay wif me, does 'ou hear?" he asked again, while he tried to climb into her lap.

"Don't bother sister just now," she answered; "Rose has played with you."

"Then sing now; sing 'Baby Mine.' I don't want to p'ay any more."

"Baby Mine" was Allie's favorite song. Many a night Mrs. Grant had sung him to sleep, cradled close in her arms, while her thoughts flew far away to the father, "sailing o'er the sea." And baby learned to love it and clap his little hands when she sang it for him, and by and by to join in, his childish voice coming out full and strong on the "baby mine." He always called himself by that name, and gradually all who knew the little fellow followed his example, and "Allie" was only used occasionally. But Rose did not feel like singing just then, and not in the most gentle manner she put him down. For a moment he looked at her wonderingly, then turned and seated himself near the door.

But some happy thought must have flitted through the sunny head, for his face suddenly lighted and he smiled. "Wose," he said, "papa's tomin' home, and I's doin' to meet him."

"Don't be such a silly little goosie," Rose answered, without looking up from her book. "Papa has only been gone a week, and he won't be home for ever and ever so long."

"But I's doin' to meet my papa," continued Allie; "doin' to meet my papa."

So deep was Rose in a most interesting part of a fairy tale, just where a Prince was to marry a snow-white maiden, whom he had rescued from a band of robbers, that she was deaf to all else. So deaf and so blind that she did not hear the voice of the child as he prattled to a small rubber lamb, tightly hugged in his arms, how, "'Baby mine' was doin' to meet dear papa in a boo'ful boat." Nor did she see the little figure trudging down the path toward the boat-house. And the boat—how was it that the rope, always fastened so securely, was now unknotted and loose? How was it? None could tell; carelessness somewhere—that was all they knew. When Allie reached the wharf, he went carefully down the two or three steps leading to the boat, and, jumping in, took his seat on the bottom. The motion that he made started it, and wind and tide both rising at the time, the boat moved on with its two little passengers, and "Baby mine" and the rubber lamb were soon adrift on the wide waters, going to meet "dear papa." Drifting with the tide, at the mercy of wave and rock, yet no thought of fear entered the baby heart. What miracle was it that kept him from looking over and falling into those cruel waves! Seated in the bottom of the boat, he talked and sang to his little lamb! And the minutes flew, the sun sank in fiery glory in the west, lighting the dark waters with a wonderful brilliancy.

The minutes lengthened into hours, Allie, both tired and hungry, fell asleep, soothed by the low crooning of the waves and the rocking of the boat, as it rose and fell on the water. Still it drifted, and the twilight shadows fell and night crept on. By and by the stars shone in the heavens, and the dark ocean was all bedecked with jewels stolen from their twinkling lights. On and on the boat went, propelled by the swift tide and fresh breeze. Soon the silvery moon rose as if from out of the water, and sailing higher and higher in the sky illumined the scene below with a weird, wild beauty of its own, making a pathway of sparkling white, where the boat with it precious charge was floating. Still baby slept, the golden-crowned head resting on the hard boards—slept as soundly, as sweetly, as if pillowed in his mother's arms. And the boat drifted on, and Allie's cradle song was sung by the billows.

II.

Long before this, at Rose Cottage, Allie was missed. Rosebud had gone on reading, all unconscious of the outside world. It was not until the room began to grow dark and her story ended, that she closed her book with a sigh, and wondered why her mother had not returned, for it was past the tea hour.

"How quickly the afternoon has passed," thought Rose; "but, oh, that story was just too lovely for anything! I wonder what keeps baby so quiet; perhaps he's gone to sleep on the floor. I guess I'd better look for the darling."

Rising from her chair, she looked in all the corners of the room. "Allie, baby dear, where are you?" she called, but receiving no answer, she thought: "Nurse must have come in while I was reading, and taken him away."

But this idea came to a sudden end. "Please, Miss Rose, I've come to give baby his supper. Poor little fellow, he must be quite sleepy by this time, for I was kept longer than I thought I would be."

"Why, Ann," began Rose, with wide open eyes, "haven,t you got him?"

"How can I have him, when I have but just come back?" she answered.

"Then he must be in the kitchen with cook," said Rose, hurriedly leading the way to the room. "Kate," she began, quickly, "is Allie here?"

"No, Miss Rose, I've seen nought of the little fellow since last I looked in at ye readin', and him playin' on the floor."

"Oh, dear, then what has become of him?" cried Rose, now thoroughly frightened.

"Don't cry, Miss Rose, we'll find him yet; he can't have gone far," said Ann, "and here's your mamma now, she'll know what to do."

Half sobbing, Rose told her mother, keeping nothing back. Quickly Mrs. Grant, Mike and the girls went over every spot of ground in house and garden, but it was with faces full of trouble that they found the search useless.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do?" cried Rose; when, stopping suddenly, with a pale, terrified face, she exclaimed: "I know where he is, oh, I know where! Baby! baby! He said he was going to meet papa, and I didn't think anything of it, and he's gone in the little boat."

Before she could say more, they had run down the path to the boat-house, where they found the boat gone, and footprints of the little feet in the moist sand. Too true it was, baby was out alone on the treacherous waters. When Mrs. Grant fully realized the terrible occurrence she was almost overcome with terror. But she knew there was no time to sit down and mourn; prompt action could alone avail, if anything, and hope was strong within her, as it is with us all, until we see our dear ones lying in that long, deep sleep we call Death. In a clear voice she gave her orders to Mike, who hurried off half a mile distant to get boats from the old boat-keeper at the Point.

When Mike, with men and boats, came, Mrs. Grant told them all she knew, leaving the direction of their expedition to Mike. He had once been a sailor in Mr. Grant's ship, a good, faithful man, who would have given his life for any of the family, and whose particular pet was the sunny-haired Allie.

"Boys, we'll divide into three parties. You, Jo, can take your boy with you, and hunt every nook and corner in the cove, and don't you give up, do you hear, until—well, until the mornin' comes, unless you find the little 'un. Jim and Pat can look all outside the cove, and me and Dan'll row out toward the Black Rocks. Don't you be afraid, Mrs. Grant," he continued, "we'll do our duty, and won't come home until we've some news for you, good news too, we hope. Keep up a good heart, marm; sure the Lord wouldn't let them ugly waves harm such a pretty darlint as your baby!"

Mike and Dan dipped their oars in and out the waters until the cove was cleared, and the small boat rose and fell on the rougher waves of the bay. At last Mike said: "There's but one chance that I see of findin' the child alive, and that's if some fishin' party has found the boat and picked him up. But that's poor enough hope, for it's t'other side the cove that's best for fishin'. If the boat's drifted slow, she may have got 'round where the steamers pass, and then there's the danger of being run down;"—and Mike shuddered at the thought. "If she's floated fast, and the tide is runnin' full tonight, I'm 'feared we'll find her near the Black Rocks, and if we do—God help them all."

He continued steering for the dreaded rocks, now and then lowering his lantern and peering through the darkness, for the moon was hidden just behind the clouds. More than two hours they searched, sometimes uttering a few gruff words, until at last they neared the Black Rocks.

"The breakers is merry to-night," said Dan, "and mighty soft and white lookin'; we must be careful how we near them. Whist, Mike, what are ye starin' at like one stark mad?"

But he needed no answer. There, tossing on the white foam, floated pieces of a broken boat. A little nearer they rowed, and pulling in a piece of broken wood, read the word Seabird, the name of Mr. Grant's boat. A heavy sob shook poor old Mike, as he mechanically rowed around and around the rocks. Then shaking his head, he said: "Tain't no use," and in utter silence steered for home. Passing the men in the other boats, he told them the sorrowful tidings, and together they moved toward the wharf.

There they found Mrs. Grant and Rose. The house had seemed so unutterably lonely they could not bear it, and so they had come again to the boat-house to watch, and count the minutes that seemed like hours to their anxious hearts. And there Mike, in a pathetic way, placed the broken board in Mrs. Grant's hand. Even the night seemed to sorrow with them, for she drew across the bright face of the moon a mourning cloud of sable blackness, as if to hide them from curious eyes. It was a dreadful scene, the men said; they could never, never forget it. As for poor little Rose—oh, it was sad to see her! As each hardy man went home, content with his own humble lot, not one would have changed that night, for all the gold in the world, with the inmates of Rose Cottage.

III.

But what of "Baby Mine?" That evening, while all at the Cottage were in such alarm and distress about the lost baby, and while baby himself lay sleeping peacefully in the frail little boat, a huge steamer bound for the West Indies passed swiftly through the waters of the bay. She was somewhat belated; some unforseen accident had kept her at the dock beyond the hour for starting, making captain and passengers quite impatient at the delay. But perhaps there was a "need be" in this. Think you not the watchful eye of Him who slumbers not nor sleeps saw the frail little boat with the wee, helpless child—saw the great ship and her strong, brave crew?

On the outward-bound vessel's deck a group of passengers, with the Captain, were watching the moon rise, always a fairy sight at sea. As the silver ball rose higher and higher, a long streak of light fell across the bay, making a white path through the green, restless deep.

"One might call that the 'Milky Way,'" remarked one of the ladies, pointing to it; "but, Captain Carter, what is that dark object directly in its way? Some sharp rock, or don't you know what it is?" she continued, for the Captain was regarding it closely.

"No, no, that is no rock," he answered absently; "why, it's moving; probably some boat adrift!"

"There can't be any one in it; do you think so, Captain?"

"I can not tell, he answered. "It is probably an empty boat, but such strange things do happen that I never leave a thing like this behind me until I am satisfied it is nothing. I once was saved from a watery grave," he continued, "by the thoughtful kindness of a sailor who could not rest until he found out what a small object was that tossed far beyond him on a very stormy sea. He reached it with much difficulty and peril, and found me unconscious in a miserable leaky boat, and but for him—well, never mind what. In remembrance of that night I have never passed a drifting object until I was sure it held nothing human. Whatever it is, it is heading directly for the Black Rocks, where the breakers are always ugly. If I'm not quick," he continued, as he left the group, "she will cross our path out yonder." And with almost nervous haste, he gave the order for the ship to be stopped. Half an hour or more had passed when a shout warned them that the boat was returning, and as it reached the ship a hearty cheer told them that the expedition had not been fruitless. The oldest of the sailors advanced from the rest with a small bundle in his arms.

"Captain," he said, with an awkward salute, "here's the prettiest bit of driftwood I've found all the years I've been a sailor, and that's nigh to twenty of 'em. Sure, I found it sleepin' as snug as in its cradle, and never a bit has it waked, for all the movin' of it from the botton of the boat where it lay, the prettiest picture these old eyes has ever seen," and drawing nearer, he showed them the sleeping face of Allie Grant. Curiously they crowded around the old tar and the child, asking all sorts of useless questions and eagerly scanning the little one.

"Thank God!" said the Captain, as he thought of his own little ones sleeping at home, "that I stopped the ship, and saved this child from so cruel a death as might have been his."

Allie began now to show signs of waking, as one and another laid tender hands upon the golden curls and baby fingers, with feelings almost of reverence. He was such a beautiful little thing; ah, how some mother's heart must be aching this night! Soon he sat up, and opening his big brown eyes, looked wonderingly around the ship. Seeing the Captain, whom he at first thought his father, he stretched out his arms, saying: "Baby fin' papa, dear papa!" But as Captain Carter took him, he drew back surprised and frightened, his lips trembled, and burying his head in the old sailor's arms, he cried: "Baby want mamma, Wosy sing 'Baby Mine.'"

But they quieted him at last, and gave him some supper. Little by little they drew from him, in his queer baby talk, the story of his hazardous adventure. It deeply interested all, but it was in vain they asked him his name, in order to find some clew to whom he belonged. And all he would say was: "Baby mine doin' to meet dear papa tomin' home in his big s'ip."

From this Captain Carter concluded that his father was a seafaring man, and as the ship could not be put back, it was evident that baby must go with them. Of course, nothing could be done until reaching the West Indies, where he thought he might possibly find news from those in the same service as himself of the owner of the pretty little waif. One thing annoyed him greatly; in the excitement of finding the child the men forgot to secure the boat, and, as we have already seen, it drifted toward the Black Rocks, there to be dashed to pieces, and to mislead Mike into the belief that baby lay far below in the death-grasp of the mad breakers. On reaching the West Indies, all inquiries possible were made in regard to Allie's parents. Nothing, however, was heard, and when the time came for the homeward voyage, Allie was again a passenger on the ship.

At the Cottage, where Allie's loss was each day felt more deeply, time passed slowly and drearily. After Mike's return, all hope was abandoned. To them the broken boat told its tale of death too plainly to leave room for anythiug but despair. Mr. Grant did not receive the news of their sad loss until two months after, while in one of the ports for which his ship was bound. It seemed to him as if the hours were years ere he could start for home. Four months had passed from the time of baby's disappearance, when he stood once more in his own desolate home, with the weight of that great sorrow on his heart. Not the less heavy was it when he saw what a change it had made in his dear ones. In Rose especially, whose pitiful face and thin figure showed that her sufferings would, perhaps, not be very long, and that there might be, if something could not be done, another mound in the churchyard to mark a childless home.

IV.

Six months had now passed, and the happy Christmas-time drew near bringing no joy into their home. Restless, and longing for some certain news, in regard to the fate of his child, Mr. Grant daily visited the docks as one and another of the ships returned. What a weary, fruitless search it was! Week after week passed, only with the certainty increased that baby Allie was no more.

It was a day or two before Christmas, and bitterly cold, when Mr. Grant started for the last time on his vain errand, for he was himself to sail in a short time. The ships that had come in during the night lay at anchor with masts and rigging shrouded in ice, but no one could give him any news. It was late in the afternoon, and he was turning away with such a feeling of desolation in his heart as showed him how vainly he had hoped, to the very last, to find his boy. As he passed up the long dock he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a friendly voice said, "Well, Grant, what's the matter? You look as if you were in trouble."

"I am in trouble, great trouble. I have lost my youngest child."

"Indeed, I am very sorry for you," said Captain Carter, in his hearty, sympathizing voice, for it was our old friend. "But come to my ship awhile, and let me try and cheer you. I met with such a strange adventure on my outward-bound trip. I know it will interest you, and perhaps you can help me with some business that somewhat perplexes me."

They walked back to the ship, and were soon seated in the Captain's parlor, where he began telling his story. As he continued, he glanced up suddenly at Mr. Grant's face. It was very pale, and excited to the utmost.

"Why, Grant!" he began, when like a flash the truth dawned upon him. "Good God, is it possible, is he the child you lost? I never could get his name from him, he always answered 'Baby Mine.' Here, drink this," he continued, "and try to bear your joy like a man, while I go for the little one."

Saying this, he mercifully left Mr. Grant alone with the news that was almost overwhelming. For a while those tearless sobs, that are always harder because they have been pent up so long, broke from him; but he grew quieter at last, and with a heart of deepest gratitude to the Great Father for His mercy, he awaited his child. By-and-by the door was pushed timidly open, and a little golden-haired toddler walked into the room. He looked long and earnestly at Mr. Grant, who could scarcely restrain himself from catching him then to his arms. A frightened look on the child's face made him pause, and quietly whistling a few bars of baby's favorite song, he watched the effect. For a few minute's the baby stood irresolute, when suddenly a look of recognition came in his eyes, and a happy smile breaking over his face, he sprang to his father's outstretched arms, with a cry of delight. "Dear papa!" he cried; "Baby fin' papa in g'ate big s'ip!"

When Mr. Grant left the ship, the sailors one and all kissed the little one good-by with tearful regret, for he had become their pet and plaything. His father's pockets were filled with miniature boats and wooden fishes made by the kind-hearted seamen; and baby's tears fell, too, when he left his rough friends.

"My old friend," said Captain Carter, as they left the ship together, "I love that child like my very own; he's a splendid fellow; I declare I hate to give him up, even to you."

"God bless you," said Mr. Grant. "A whole lifetime of gratitude could not repay the debt I owe"—and the two strong men shook hands with tears in their eyes.

It was late when Mr. Grant returned home. The snow was falling, and the night was very dark. Mike met him at the depot, and his joy was unspeakable when the happy father, telling the glad news, led him where Allie sat with big, wide-open eyes gazing at the passengers.

"Miky! Miky!" he screamed, as he caught sight of the delighted Irishman, who tossed him in the air with his strong arms, his way of showing his happiness.

On reaching home, Mr. Grant left the child with Mike in the stable, while he went to the house to break the news to Mrs. Grant. Calling her out, for he was afraid to have Rose hear, he led her on gently, step by step, through the narrative, until she knew the truth. If the meeting between father and child was touching, what must the mother's have been?

And now Rose must be told, yet they feared to tell her, whose poor little spirit seemed so nearly gone, for joy sometimes kills as well as sorrow. While they were wondering how to tell her most gently, baby took it into his own little hands. They were sitting in the room where he had played that bright afternoon six months ago. Rose was looking wearily toward the sea, while her father told them how he had heard that day of a little child rescued from the sea.

"So you see," he said, as he saw Rosebud turn and listen eagerly, "it is not yet hopeless for us; and do you think, dear, you could bear to hear"—but a sudden wild light in her eyes made him pause, afraid to go on; and at the same moment he caught the sound of Mike's voice in the hall: "Please, darlint, stay with old Miky till papa comes for you."

"No me won't tay, me want Wosebud!" an imperative voice answered, and the next moment the door was thrown open, quick footsteps crossed the floor, and two little arms were clasped around Rose's neck, who with a white, startled face, looked vacantly from one to the other. For a moment they feared for her reason, but as the little arms clasped closer around her, and the little head drooped on her shoulder, the stony look passed away, and for the first time since Allie left home the tears came, as she pressed kiss upon kiss on his pretty, white forehead. And Allie was very tired, and wanted some one to sing him to sleep. So Rose choked back the sobs, and hugging him tightly as if she never could let him go again, she rocked to and fro, singing all the while in a trembling voice his favorite lullaby. Soon the small head fell lower, the little veined lids closed, the breath came short and quick, and "Baby mine" was asleep. Yet not more sweet was his sleep, nor more peaceful, than on that starlit summer night when the little boat was his cradle, and his lullaby the low murmur of the waves as they rocked him to rest.

The Smallest Captive Elephant.

The second baby elephant ever born in captivity was with its mother on Friday at its birth-place in Bridgeport, Conn., and though only a few hours old it had developed to an extraordinary degree. It was born the night before at eight o'clock, under the most favorable conditions, in the middle of a ring where there were one hundred men and twenty elephants. The elephants munched hay with indifference, and betrayed emotion only when the little stranger was able to stand on its legs. Then they snorted with great regularity and precision for some moments, and went to munching hay again. The babe was a little thing, with rather shaggy hair, pink feet, and what seemed to be a tail at both ends, as it lay disconsolately on the sawdust. Suddenly the mother dropped an immense forefoot on the chunky object, and began to roll it to and fro with swiftness.

"Merciful spooks!" yelled Mr. Barnum, dancing wildly into the ring, "that baby's worth $100,000, and the old mother's smashin' it."

"No," said Queen's trainer, George Arstingstall; "that's the way to make it breathe."

The mother trumpeted about and made the wildest manifestions of delight.

The small object was seen to move. It got on its legs, and without a bit of previous practice turned a complete somersault. Whether it went over backward or forward will probably go down to posterity as a mystery, as the spectators are pretty evenly divided on the question of trunk or tail. It got up shortly after, began to move about, and stayed on its feet all night. It grew very fast. It weighed 145 pounds, was about 30 inches high and 36 inches in length. Its hair was long. The trunk, which was quite bald and measured only seven inches from the under lip to the tip, curled about in the most waggish manner, and the legs, which have as yet not noticeable joints, or are all joints, performed a series of brilliant but erratic evolutions, which carried the baby in unexpected directions.

Mr. Barnum has insured her for $300,000, paying $1,000 a week for one year. At eight o'clock last night, when the baby was just one day old, symptoms of playfulness began to manifest themselves. She ran to her mother and then to Mr. Arstingstall, capering clumsily, and twirling her little trunk rapidly while the twenty elephants stood stolidly in a circle about her and seemed quite satisfied.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Over two thousand five hundred men in Utah have more than one wife apiece.

Frightened Into Hopeless Lunacy.

A most remarkable case of insanity resulting from a practical joke has just come to light in this city, but as yet little or no publicity has been given the matter. Living about two miles from town is a family by the name of Waters. They are well-to-do, plain country people, who enjoy the respect of all their neighbors, and have a large circle of friends and relations. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Waters, now well advanced in years; two fine-appearing and sensible daughters, both grown, and one son named Henry, who is a handsome, manly young fellow of twenty-three, whose pleasant face has made him many friends.

Henry had been brought up on the farm, and his experience beyond the limits of his home and the neighboring towns has been restricted to a single visit to Cleveland at the time of the Garfield funeral obsequies. He was much given to reading light literature of the blood-and-thunder kind, and his associates say he was very superstitious, and had at various times expressed himself as believing in spirits and their visioned terrors. In fact, these strange fantasies had so worked upon his simple nature that he always slept with a large, old-fashioned Colt's revolver at the head of his bed, where he could place his hand upon it in an instant.

Knowing his weakness, some of the neighborhood boys planned, in the best of humor, a scheme to frighten him with a make-believe ghost at midnight's evil hour. A night was set for the perpetration of the joke, and during that afternoon one of the young men carefully drew all the bullets from Henry's pistol, leaving the powder in each cartridge undisturbed, and placed the weapon back in its accustomed place. Henry retired as usual at half past eight, and about midnight, just as the moon was throwing a dim ray of light across the floor, one of the boys, clad in ghostly attire, stealthily entered the room and stood with outstretched arms, slowly muttering unintelligible sentences.

With an awakening tremor, Henry convulsively grasped his revolver and sat upright in bed, dumb through fear. The ghost advanced a step, the mutterings continued, till Henry, wrought up to almost a frenzy, drew to an aim the weapon he supposed was charged with death, and stammered: "If you are a man I shall kill you: if you are a ghost, this won't hurt you;" and with that the loud report of his pistol startled the night's stillness. There was a quick motion of the shrouded arm, and the bullet was thrown back, striking the head-board at Henry's side. This sent a cold chill through his frame, but a second time he took deliberate aim at the figure and fired. Again a motion as if catching the bullet, and it was thrown back upon the bed.

Almost paralyzed with fear, Henry fired a third, a fourth and fifth shot, only to have the bullets hurled back with noiseless motion from the ghostly figure. Then for a brief moment he sat as if transfixed, gazing with mute bewilderment, when, with a wild shriek of terror, he fired the last blank cartridge and hurled the pistol at the ghost.

With a merry laugh, the ghostly visitor threw off his flowing garments, and through the door came those who had gathered without to join in the sport, when, to their horror, they saw depicted on the face of Henry an expression which told the sad story that their joke had, alas! been too well played. His mind could not stand the strain. He was a raving maniac.

The saddest part of the story is that, although several weeks have elapsed since young Waters was frightened, he has not showed the least signs of returning sanity; and, while not violent, is constantly shrieking out and pointing to imaginary ghosts. It is a sad story and a frightful warning to practical jokers.—*Youngstown (O.) Special (Feb. 22) to Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Frightful Stories of Persecution.

The Russian Jews, three hundred in number, who arrived here yesterday are comfortably housed in the old Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, West Philadelphia. They express themselves as overwhelmed with the cordiality of their reception. Some of them tell frightful stories of the persecutions to which they were subjected in the old country.

Abraham Sheetner, only a short time since a prosperous shoe-maker in Warsaw, about a year ago had his home entered by a mob of peasants, who seized his wife and three children and bore them to the outskirts of the hamlet, while the father, frantic with grief, vainly followed, pleading for his loved ones. The jeers and scoffs of the incarnate fiends were the only reply to his supplications. On reaching the suburbs of the hamlet street poles were planted in the earth so as to form a group of the mother and children. The innocent victims were bound to the stake, their clothing saturated with oil, fagots placed around their feet, and the torch applied. Almost within touch of his hand the father was bound to another stake to witness the hellish torture of his wife and children, who in vain stretched out their hands to him who could no longer afford them succor. The flames burned out. With mock solemnity Sheetner was released and informed that he was at liberty to take charge of the charred trunks of what but a few hours before constituted his loved and loving family.

Nurtulle Riskoff, a lass of eight years, and the picture of health, tells the following story of the unnatural estrangement of a son and father through the son embracing the faith of the Gentiles: Her father was a watchmaker, and engaged with him was a son named Cabassa, who thought his father treated him unkindly. Cabassa embraced the faith of the Gentiles and spent his leisure time in their society. His father remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. The son had become enamored of a Gentile maiden. One afternoon the son left his home, and on the night of the same day returned with a party of Gentile companions. The father was taken from his bed, a small iron was heated to a white heat, and, while the other tormentors held the father as in a vise, the son thrust the iron into his father's eyes. The next day the son married the Gentile, and within a year the father died in poverty. The unfortunate child is with her uncle and aunt.

Israel Balaghor was in Odessa when the persecution commenced there in May last. He says that peasants attacked their houses and rifled them of their entire contents. The men were beaten and some killed. Women and children were assaulted. Even innocent babes were thrown out of upper-story windows, and their brains dashed out on the pavement below. A wealthy farmer named Beraski offered 120,000 roubles to the howling mob who had attacked his dwelling to spare his wife and daughters from outrage, but the fiends assaulted his family and beat him almost to death.

Isaac Vizier, of Warsaw, says violent demonstrations occurred in December last. Citizens at first attempted to defend themselves, finding it was useless to appeal to the authorities. They armed themselves with clubs, and for a time were successful in repelling the mob; but when this fact became known to the authorities the police swooped down upon them and demanded their arms, which were given up. Then the persecuted people were left to the mercy of the heartless inquisitors. Children were thrown out of third-story windows, men were murdered, children slaughtered, and the women suffered nameless horrors. Shops were turned out and houses pillaged and burned, while the police and military stood by without offering any interference. Four hundred more of these long suffering people are expected here next week.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Special (Feb. 24) to Chicago Tribune.*

—A chiropodist says he has removed corns from the crowned heads of Europe.